

No flowers fair  
in one garden grew

WORDS BY

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Music by

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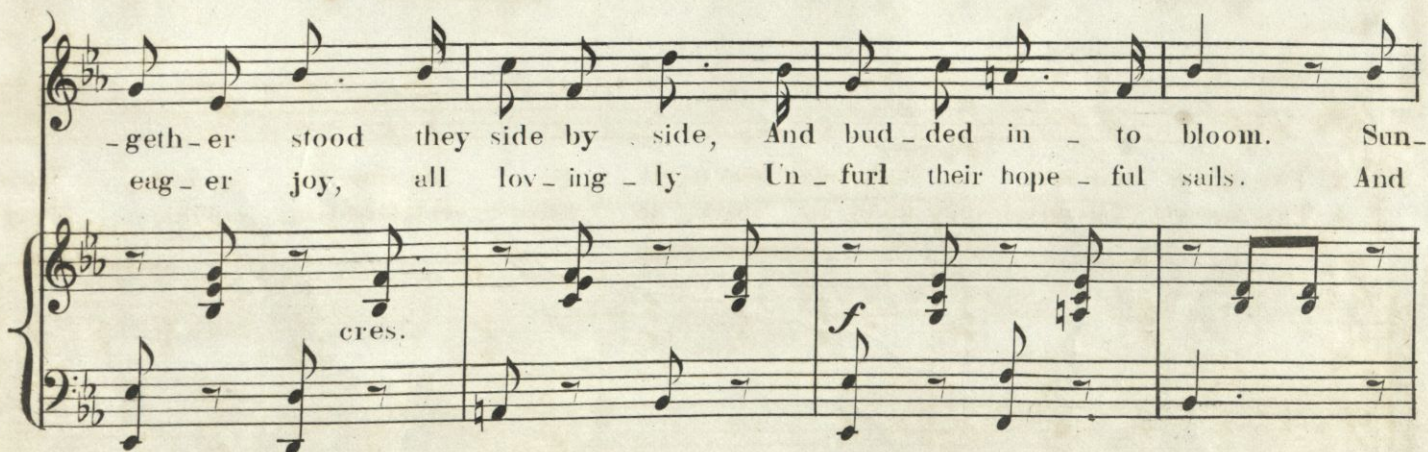


# TWO FLOWERS IN ONE FAIR GARDEN GREW

## BALLAD

Poetry by Mrs. Jane Maria Mead.

Music by F.W. Smith.



\_light and dew were on them shed With ev' - ry pas - sing day, But  
 now the hav - en looms to view, And now they near the shore; Vain

oh! stern Fate came storm - ing in, And tore those flow'rs a - way.  
 hope! a tempest beats them back, And parts them ev - er more.

2. Two doves have met in high mid heav'n, It is the time of spring; Their  
 4. Two be - ings meet, they meet to love, In bliss - ful, budding youth; They

hearts are mated, and they soar— With wild exulting wing. But  
sever, each with cold, cold frowns, Concealing loves fond truth. And

*cres.* *f*

lo! Fates archer on the pair Has fixed his frowning eye, And,  
thus they live, and thus they die, Their life— pathswide apart; Each

*p* *pf*

one by one, ah me! those doves, They flutter, fall, and die.  
with a spirit firm and high, Each with a martyr's heart.

*dim.* *dim.* *colla voce.* *p*

*p*

